

A noiseless patient spider  
 A noiseless patient spider,  
 I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,  
 Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding  
 It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,  
 Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.  
 And you O my soul where you stand,  
 Surrounded, detached, in measureless ocean of space,  
 Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres  
 Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile  
 [anchor hold,  
 Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere,  
 O my soul.  
 (Τὴ ἀπαύριον ὁ ἰσχυρὸς 10<sup>ος</sup> οὐρανός;)

Walt Whitman

### The last invocation

At the last, tenderly,  
 From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house  
 From the cleft of the knitted locks, from the keep of  
 the well-closed doors,  
 Let me be wafted.  
 Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
 With the key of softness unlock the locks - with a whisper,  
 Set open<sup>(1)</sup> the doors O soul.  
 Tenderly - be not impatient,  
 (Strong is your hold O mortal flesh,  
 Strong is your hold O love).

ἀπαύριον  
 εἶ!

Walt Whitman

(1) open